Volume LXIII CHICAGO, APRIL 29, 1909 Number 9

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

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"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LXIII. THURSDAY, APRIL 29, 1909. NUMBER 9

MAN ASCENDING.

The rise of man is endless: be in hope:
All stars are gathered in his horoscope.
The brute-man of the planet, he will pass,
Blown out like forms of vapor on a glass;
And from this quaking pulp of life will rise
The Superman, child of the higher skies—
Immortal, he will break the ancient bars,
Laugh, and reach out his hands among the stars.

—*Edwin Markham.*

Prof. George B. Foster, who three years ago startled the religious world with his work on "The Finality of the Christian Religion," has just offered another surprise. It is in the nature of a strong man to shock the complacent and to startle the indolent, but not for this purpose does Professor Foster write. Judging from the newspaper notices, "The Functions of Religion in Man's Struggle for Existence," as the new book is called, will doubtless on second reading reveal the constructive thinker, the devout mind and the believing soul. Pending a more adequate notice, we must content ourselves in this issue by simply calling attention to the fact that Professor Foster's long promised new book is out and that it can be obtained through the University of Chicago Press on receipt of $1.10, postpaid. Here is a sample paragraph:

Truth is, after all, the ultimate desideratum in religious thought; religion remains as a vital and universal experience that is not to be discarded. In this experience, doubt, of course—the doubt which Matthew Arnold has made magnificent in his "Dover Beach"—performs its functions; yet the tendency to exalt one's own doubt as a final reformatory force, or the permitting of one's desire for sincerity to destroy the possibility of every lovable grace, is lamentable. Not everything can be reduced to reason, and religion remains a world force even in this age of science.

The American Prohibition Book for 1909 is just off the press, a handsome, compact little handbook of two hundred pages, crowded with facts and figures. There is little lurid rhetoric and no space wasted in describing the drunkard's home, abusing the saloon-keeper or appealing to Bible texts, though all these have a place in the discussion of the liquor problem. But this little book sticks close to the economic and scientific facts in the case. An increasing recognition of these facts is the real inspiration of the "Dry" movement. The brewers and distillers are called upon to reckon with the doctor and the economist, even more than with the moralist and the statesman in the battle at the present time, and we commend to them the study of these pages. Never mind the preachers or the agitators; what are you going to do with these facts and figures, gentlemen? In this list of forty-seven industrial centers of twenty thousand people and upward there are now on the "Dry" list forty or more leading magazines of the country, standard magazines and weeklies who have broken with the liquor advertisers, and plenty of similar "facts." We commend this book to club officers, men and women; to the gentlemen on the boulevard and the ladies who entertain them, who still think that liquor on the side-board is an embellishment, and that wine, beer and whiskey are social elegancies if not social necessities. Send fifty cents if you want it in cloth, or twenty-five cents if in paper, to the *Illinois Temperance Press,* 92 La Salle street, Chicago.

It is not worth while to quarrel over passing questions of expediency and practical politics with the men and journals who take such solid ground for temperance and who can state the material issue as clearly as the Editor of *Collier's Weekly* does on the drink question in the issue of April 24:

"We agree with the philosophers when they attribute to drink a large part of humanity's waste and crime. It is the builder of asylums, jails, hospitals; the cause of poverty, inefficiency, cruelty, and short life; the backbone of corrupt politics, gambling, and prostitution. As long ago as Bacon's time that observer said:

"'All the crimes on earth do not destroy so many of the human race, nor alienate so much property, as drunkenness.'

"This high cost being realized, regulation and suppression are eagerly discussed. Some individuals still think their fundamental liberty interfered with by regulation. In general, however, the conception of freedom grows more social. Twenty years ago there was much talk about "liberty of contract" between laborer and employer. Now we prefer a freedom of the laborer from danger and oppression. Parents once were free to keep their children out of school and freer than now to have babies labor in the mills. We were all freer to keep as many rats as we chose in time of plague; to go unvaccinated; to run insurance companies according to choice; to eat cocaine, and put fiction on the label of food or patent medicine. This liberty argument is now seen by most of us as Carlyle saw it many years ago:

"'No man oppresses thee, oh free and independent franchiser! but does not this stupid porter-pot oppress thee? No son of Adam can bid thee come or go; but this absurd pot of heavy-wet, this can and does! Thou art the thrall, not of Cedric the Saxon, but of thy own brutal appetites, and this scoured dish of liquor. And thou pratest of thy 'liberty,' thou entire block-head!'

"Certain other arguments about drink are rapidly passing likewise. An absurd economic thought put out by the brewers is that rum pays taxes, therefore it helps the community; which is as if one should say rum destroys a large part of man's efficiency, wealth, and happiness, but while he is thus destroying himself he pays taxes over the bar, instead of paying a smaller tax some other way. One more passing argument is that man needs stimulants. Experience in athletics, armies, navies, business, and medicine is rapidly diminishing the force of this objection. Doctors find better drugs, employers won't take drinking men, abstemious athletes win, and fresh air, conversation, music, and travel furnish stimulation at less cost."

Chicago has the credit of doing things and to a degree deserves the reputation, but much of its greatness is thrust upon Chicago. It is rich in enterprise and prosperous in its undertakings, if for no other reason that that the potencies of the Mississippi Valley, the reach of the centuries, past and future, compel it to be. Chicago's stupidity is evidenced in the many good things that it allows to slip through its fingers, the high opportunities it does not utilize, the good men it fails to keep and the things it does poorly that it might do well. Just now it is in danger of losing an unique collection that is the result of the accumulated diligence of over thirty years and has been a great utility to the educational forces, not only of Chicago but of the Mississippi valley. We refer to the marvelously beautiful and rich collection of stereopticon slides accumulated by the late lamented Prof. C. S. Farrar who, over thirty years ago, when President of the Milwaukee Women's College, began the systematic and intelligent use of the stereopticon as an aid in the teaching of art and history. When he left the work at Milwaukee he moved to Chicago but continued to devote himself to the task of making and arranging slides for educational purposes. This work he continued to his death and his accomplished daughter has kept up the work. This collection now consists of about 73,070 slides, 1116 of them beautifully colored. They cover a vast range of topics,—art, biography, history, archaeology, science and literature. Miss Farrar is about to take up her home further east and there is danger that this collection will be carried away or scattered, to the permanent loss of Sunday-schools, clubs, institutes, lecturers and all kinds of classes. Here is no chance for a wealthy man to make a display of his wealth or to give monumental prominence to his name, but here is a great chance for some man or woman of wealth to save this collection to the cultural life of the Mississippi valley. Only those who have undertaken to conduct such work know the great value of the Farrar collection. Failing to find the one wealthy man or woman to rise to this unique opportunity, perhaps a hundred not so very wealthy men and women can be found who would join in a benign conspiracy to save this collection to Chicago. UNITY would like to hear further of this matter. Please write.

Samuel J. Barrows

Whether as war correspondent with Custer on the plains, pastor of an Unitarian church, editor of the *Christian Register* for sixteen years, member of congress, state prison commissioner in New York State, officer of international prison congresses, or specialist on penology, Mr. Barrows' leading characteristic was that of virility; he was a man of wonderful resources. He could do so many things well, so very well, from knitting an afghan to addressing the natives of modern Athens in their vernacular; he could do everytning well and easily.

Perhaps some of our readers will remember how in these columns we once rejoiced in one of his visits to the West as a modern John Howard. He went through the jails and police stations of Chicago and literally caused light to shine in dark places. He went as far as Oklahoma and there helped the new state to formulate its prison system and penal codes. Once at least after that he passed through Chicago with only time enough for a telephone call, but the mellowness and tenderness of his voice still ring in our ears.

And now the good man, wise as he was good, has gone to his reward. Pneumonia, that stern, prompt angel of the Lord, found him and took him while the good wife, his wonderful helpmeet, who could duplicate his every ability, was on the king's business away off in Russia.

We mourn the loss of a friend and a brother in his death; but not for our own sake but for those who are in prison and in bonds do we chiefly grieve.

The Carpenter's Son

It was the work of two thousand years to make a God of a man; it seems now more important that we restore Jesus to his manhood. To be a carpenter's son, faithful to his work and true to the truth, is greater than to be a member of a Trinity that finished its work of benefaction some time in the past, and henceforth claims only worship. The beauty of Jesus does not rest at all today in the assumed fact that he was born of Divinity, in some abnormal way, but in the self-asserted fact that he is the "son of man," brother of the poor, helper of the persecuted and bearer of his neighbor's burdens. In all his life he never exalted himself, never shunted every-day and humble obligations; and never appeared in public as unlike his followers, except that he rode into Jerusalem on an ass,—probably an apocryphal story. Today he has no influence in the world except for his humanity.

The utter revolution wrought by this simple and normal view of Jesus still startles us—when we put it down in plain print. Are we now ready to accept him for his inherent worth, leaving out any suppository rank? Simple, plain, human Jesus, what can we do with him? Is he good for anything in the churches? Would we let him take the pulpit, or would he be willing to do this? What would be his worth in the streets, say in Wall Street? And yet there are signs of the coming of just such a Christ everywhere. It crumbles our church dignities; it pulls down our steeples; it sends us out to preach love and forgiveness and temperance in the place of titles and offices. Can we let into our social life this simple minded, straightforward servant of man? Is it better for all to be brothers, where none are masters? Is the preaching of the Golden Rule and the gentle life and human

equality, after all to come somewhere near fulfillment?

Look back over the history of the church, and consider what it has been with the brother left out and the Lord let in. What a struggle of bishops and popes of all sorts, with no end of lordlets. What a waste of the gospel of love, where even Councils of the church sat for the purpose of revenge and cruelty. But we do not care so much for this upper story; it is the pitiful lack of sweetness and love and Christliness in the common every-day life from which the world has most suffered. Must it go on, and if so how much farther? What will become of our wealth if the real Jesus does get in? What will become of our social nobilities and honors and grades and ranks if the real Christ gets into human life?

It is not any longer a question of creed. These utterly lifeless things have lost their interest, even to be quarreled over. They stand only as charred stumps that cannot easily be worn out by the wind and weather of progress. The only question now is, will we accept the son of man? will we breathe his spiritual atmosphere? will we become divine only by becoming truly human? Can we cast over our lives in the model that Jesus set?

What a fearful waste of love and human kindness the world has suffered! Red handed, almost as red handed as the rest of the world, the church has come down through the ages with its dignities and its prides and its God, but no man. The Golden Rule has been held to be unworkable; is it? Can we love God in our daily lives—the Father God, who is pleased with the manly boy Jesus? Can the carpenter's son sit at the table with us? If Jesus were here today, exactly as he was in Judea, would the churches accept him? The problem today is, not the reincarnation of a God but the resurrection of a man.

E. P. Powell.

The Liberal Minister in the Orthodox Church

In this time of unsettled convictions and widespread changes in the form and emphasis of theological doctrines, there are few problems more practical, more important in themselves, or more far-reaching in their consequences, than that of the liberal minister in the orthodox church. What should be his attitude toward both the frame of mind and the content of theological conceptions which he finds within the microcosmos of his own particular congregation as well as toward the macrocosmos of expanding, progressive, reconstructive thought without?

By the liberal minister in an orthodox church, I mean a minister trained, as most of them have been trained, in what were, until quite recently, the scarcely questioned formulæ and doctrinal statements of the common evangelical church membership of Christendom, yet who feels compelled to accept the results of modern thought and discovery, and so has come to stand on what is popularly known as liberal ground. His present views differ from his earlier, among other things, in regarding God as immanent, instead of almost entirely transcendent; in conceiving creation to be progressive and continuous, instead of instantaneous and final; in believing the divine operations to be carried forward in accordance with law,—that is, in orderly and uniform method instead of in specific acts and arbitrary interventions; in recognizing God's revelation of himself and his will in and through this process of creative manifestation, which includes man and man's whole attainment, in an historical process instead of an objective disclosure to certain selected spokesmen; and in tracing man's religious well-being to the development of personal spiritual qualities, instead of to the substitutionary acts of another.

Obviously, this is a very radical disturbance of what has been settled belief. New light naturally comes first to those of most alert mind and open spirit. Consequently, the preacher himself is likely to be the earliest to acknowledge the claim of new conceptions. Sometimes, however, the thoughtful and reading laymen run ahead of the minister. Altogether it is safe to say that no congregation ever grew into the modern view-point as a whole or at once. Now what relation shall the growing pastor sustain to these diverse elements in his own church and at the same time to the wider cause of expanding truth in the outer world?

In the first place, it must be plain that he cannot act the partisan, throwing himself unreservedly into the advocacy of his own view. This were clearly as unjust as for the conservative minister to confine his ministrations within the sphere of thought and fellowship of the conservative elements. He is not the pastor of a faction, but of the church. Many citizens, regardless of political affiliation, were recently stirred to indignation by what they considered arbitrary, unjust and discourteous use of the power and influence of the presidential office to further the interests of a candidate representing the political views of the president individually, unmindful that acquiescence of all parties in his presidency, their common interest in the government's stability and welfare, their abiding by the laws of the country, their payment of its taxes and imposts, their sharing in its duties and responsibilities, made a demand upon him for just and impartial administration as president of the whole people, unbiased by personal adherence to one theory of government or to his particular party affiliations. What is not excusable in politics is not seemly in religion. The pastor is not a partisan.

Again, the pastor is not, primarily, an educator. His position differs very materially from that of a teacher in a university founded and sustained solely for the purpose of discovering and promulgating truth. It is the professor's business to remove the limitations of his students and to inform them as to the fullest

and latest findings of discovery in his department. The minister is indeed a teacher, but knowledge, however important or valuable it may be, is not the primal or ultimate aim. The minister, before all else, is a pastor, a shepherd. It is his duty, indeed, to lead forward the whole flock, but not to lead the nimble and vigorous so rapidly that the less agile or more heavily weighted are left behind in sterile pastures and beside dried water courses. The *whole* congregation is his charge and care. He must urge the lagging, but he must not fail to feed the strong. He must keep all alike nourished and vital in spirit. The pastor's aim is character, not scholarship. He seeks the development of the whole man in his moral impulses, in the decisions of his will, in the development of his sympathies, in consciousness of obligation to his fellow men, no less than in intellectual convictions and mental furnishings. Not theological erudition, therefore, but personality, is the pastor's gauge of success.

Forgetting these things, the liberal minister may not only fail to accomplish the work which is his especial duty, but, too hastily tearing away the foundations, may also cause the entire structure of religion, in many cases, utterly to crumble and fall. Moreover, such a course may easily cause a disruption of the organization over which the minister is placed, with all the attendant bitterness, alienations, harsh judgments, deterioration of character, scandal of religion and retarding of the kingdom of God. Long after the injudicious advocate of what may be granted to be a better form of truth has passed, the wreck of the church, the glowing embers of strife, the antipathies and broken friendships, the distrusts and discords remain, and it is long before that church recovers,—often it never does recover,—either its own unity of spirit, its power to develop the higher life of its own members, or to influence for good the surrounding community. That this is not theory, but, alas! the serious history of many churches, is well known to all conversant with church life during the past few years.

Where such catastrophes have overtaken churches of the evangelical order, it has been largely due to the precipitancy of ministers who were themselves just emerging into the larger vision of the newer theological position. The zeal of a proselyte is proverbial. They have expected, by a single course of summons to remake the habits of thought and to change the viewpoint of people more vitally concerned with the intellectual system than the emotional experience of their religious beliefs. It is a wise saying of the church father: "God gives us all time; we should give each other time."

In urging these considerations, I am neither advocating that liberal ministers in orthodox churches should be, nor intimating that they are moral cowards. They are not. That these dissentients from the great body of their brethren are willing to avow their dissent proves this; that they endeavor to withstand the current of traditional beliefs and to overcome the inertia of long-accepted views on the part of their hearers is further evidence. It often requires a finer and hardier courage to mediate than to engage with one of the opponents. Such a man must have that higher bravery of the British squares at Waterloo,—a bravery that can endure the enemy's fire and resist the assault while not permitted to assume the aggressive. It is a terrible strain upon patience and faith to lead a people as they are able to bear it; to be patient with their slowness; to be charitable to their prejudices. Besides, he must endure the isolation arising from loyalty to truth as he sees it. He cannot rest comfortably in the companionship of the conservative, but must be ahead, urging them forward. Nor can he join the progressives and smite hoary error or laggard truth with the fiery zest and stimulating enthusiasm which kindle the soul of one who mingles in the fight. No, he must linger in the rear, to serve as a connecting link and bind their aggressiveness and energy to the slower moving body of his church. He stands alone.

Not only that. The liberal minister is assailed on both sides. What scholar has not felt the hot rush of indignation and regret for Socrates, pursued by his enemies, neglected by his friends, until the fatal hemlock fixed forever the brand of baseness upon the one and of disloyal indifference upon the other? Is not the conspicuous great tragedy of history the crucifixion of Christ between the two accursed thieves of mole-eyed prejudice on the one hand and timid, hesitating friendship on the other? The liberal minister in the orthodox church, if he be faithful to his own conviction, must imitate these great masters of innovation and bide his time. It is impossible for a sincere man to change his attitude of mind hastily. There must be time for the growth of a new apprehension before a new point of view can replace the old. Otherwise the spirit is left all at sea. Assent without persuasion is merely an external change period. We should, by this time, have well learned the grievous lesson that often too speedy acceptance of the modern view merely slacks the old bands of obligation without tightening the new. Truth, because it is truth, and therefore the man with the conviction of new truth can afford, though he does not like, to wait. Horace Mann's reply, "The trouble is, I am in a hurry, and God does not seem to be," is applicable to every one eager that the new light which has risen upon him shall immediately illumine all his fellows.

The true mission of the liberal minister in an orthodox church, therefore, is to fulfill his ministry in the light of the fact that he has a mission to that particular orthodox congregation. It is not his business to treat than congregation as though it were already a liberal congregation; it is not his business to disrupt and dissipate that congregation; it is not his business to turn the religious convictions of that congregation

into doubt, nor its spiritual impulses into strife and wrangling; but it is his business to teach that congregation, both by precept and example, the divine gospel of open-mindedness, which recognizes that truth may be found under more than one apprehension and that there may be a true sanctuary of the spirit in the oldest and and seemingly most obsolete forms and expressions of religious conviction. At the same time, he can and must teach that the soul of man is capable of constant expansion; that truth is its own sufficient witness and when so presented as not to wear the guise of falsehood or error, will win by its own convincing power; that it is to be enlarged by the fullest research and perpetuated by the frankest acceptance of its torch as the guiding light, wherever it may lead.

GRANVILLE ROSS PIKE.

Lost and Found

Miss Putnam of the Holley School, Lottsburg, Va., was the first to send us the answer to Mr. Ramsay's request for the "lost hymn." To the copy which we print below, she appends the information that the author was Rev. William Gaskell, Unitarian minister of Manchester, England; that it was published in "The Hymns of the Spirit," a choice collection by Samuel Longfellow and Samuel Johnson; that it was sung at the funeral of Wendell Phillips, in which these truly "reverends" joined with another Reverend—Samuel May—in the service at Holley Street Church, before the affecting farewell was taken by Frederick Douglass and a vast concourse in Faneuil Hall. Mr. Hosmer sends the further information that Rev. Mr. Gaskell's dates are 1805-1844; that it is No. 215 in "Hymns of the Spirit" and that it is also found as No. 473 in "The New Hymnal," a recent compilation edited by some English Unitarian ministers. It will be noted that Mr. Ramsay's memory played him false concerning the first line, substituting the word "gently" for "calmly." The following is the full text:

Calmly, calmly lay him down!
He hath fought a noble fight;
He hath battled for the right;
He hath won the fadeless crown.

Memories, all too bright for tears,
Crowd around us from the past;
He was faithful to the last,
Faithful through long, toilsome years.

All that makes for human good,
Freedom, righteousness, and truth,
These the objects of his youth,
Unto age he still pursued.

Kind and gentle was his soul;
Yet it had a glorious might!
Clouded minds it filled with light,
Wounded spirits it made whole.

Huts where poor men sat distressed,
Homes where death had darkly passed,
Beds where suffering breathed its last,
These he sought and soothed and blessed.

Hoping, trusting, lay him down!
Many in the realms above
Wait for him with eyes of love,
Wreathing his immortal crown.

THE PULPIT

Disillusionment

A SERMON BY RABBI HARRY W. ETTELSON, FT. WAYNE, IND.

Fellow-students: When the curtain of sleep is rung down on the show of our workaday world, there is enacted in the crowded theater of the brain an endless panorama. Now the faery Fancy hoodwinks us with all her rare delights. Now it is grim Terror that affrights us with forms of omen and events of disaster. Now there are jumbled together in fantastic incoherence "sights never seen on land or sea." And now again the features image themselves so vividly and so faithfully that they haunt us, ever thereafter, with a full sense of reality. It is no wonder, therefore, that the timid credulity of man has, at times, ascribed to these "pillowed visions" a vital significance.

But we are all, I take it, above any such superstitions. And so, when we read the graphic account in today's Scriptural lesson, our feeling is of an altogether different nature. For Pharaoh's dream as such, we have, indeed, but little interest, even if its actual occurence is represented as instrumental in shaping the destinies of Israel. But there is one verse following close on the description, that stands out from the page and throws over the whole a rich suggestiveness. "And Pharaoh awoke, and lo, it was a dream!" In themselves, of course, these few words are not very significant and merely state what was a matter of fact in the narrative. But for us, grown accustomed to consider words as metaphors, and things merely as illustrations of thoughts and tendencies, this simple, natural phrase becomes altogether *typical*. It is no longer Pharaoh, the individual, that we think of; no longer the kine and the ears of corn as concrete dream stuff that draws our concern. Not at all! These dwindle to mere accidents in a profound reality, a reality not bound down to time nor place nor person; a reality, commensurate with all progress, individual as well as of the race. And Pharaoh awakes here and now, and lo, he has dreamed a dream.

To all of us, I have no doubt, this sentence speaks, at first, only in the most melancholy accents. It is natural so, perhaps! The pathos of disillusionment looms very dark and well may for the moment overshadow all else. Who of us has not realized, by sympathetic intuition, at least, if not by actual experience, the bewilderment, the sense of emptiness and dreariness, that benumbs the brain and oppresses the heart, when we awake to find that we have duped us with dreams. Now it is some high hope or ambition, that turns to dust and ashes. Now it is the person whom our blind trustfulness had almost deified, who proves, alas, of the earth earthy. Now it is the unreflective faith, so trustful and so fervent, that succumbs to the dark legions of doubt. In anguish we grope about, only to be tantalized ever and anon by the familiar forms of our lost hopes. Gladly we would take them once again to our hearts if we could; but lo, as we grasp at them they elude us as shadows. No stars seem to be in the heavens, and around us is only the glimmer of the will-o-the-wisps!

In the face of sorrow, so real and so deep, it seems almost a mockery to talk of a comfort and a hope that may well appear imaginary. Your too-complacent optimism, that is always ready with its little justi-

fications, its petty theodicies, rightly excites us to a fine scorn and impatience. We will have nothing to do with the easy ostrich-trick of hiding our head and deeming all well. But, in the reaction against this extreme, let us remember that there is danger of an equal blindness the other way. "Sadness," it has been well said, "has a certain melancholy pleasure of its own, and there is a luxury in tears." And so captivated by sorrow, we are very apt to forget that tragedy does not spell life; that pathos is not the final pronouncement; that the shadow, in fact, may mean, not the obscuring of the light but merely its obstruction. For it should be borne in mind that we deal here with a pregnant process rather than a fixed fact. It is an organism that concerns us, not a crystal. The aspect is altogether dual in its nature. Disillusionment, indeed, may be rightly compared to the portals of Janus. Thrown open only in the hour of stress and struggle, one face does look back yearning to the old, but, at the same time, the other face peers darkling into the new.

"But hold!" someone at this point may exclaim. "Where is the warrant? Is our disillusionment Truth; and does it follow that to recognize the error is to know the reality? A fine havoc, forsooth, such jugglery would work with our thoughts, making of skepticism a kind of faith and converting denial into some sort of Orthodoxy!" Such is the contention that might perhaps be urged and it may be conclusive. And yet there have not been wanting great thinkers in modern times, who have insisted that there is no such thing as absolute negation; that to be conscious of negation is virtually to be beyond it; that every denial is, by implication, an affirmation. To this extent, then, disillusionment already contains something positive. What is our doubt but the rich promise of an answer? Does not the recognition of our limitations make us in essence transcend them? "But," say you, "this is mere dialectics." Well, then, be it so. I will grant you that disillusionment does not in itself bring us reality. But even if we have not the Truth, we are not the slaves of error, however enchanting; though we sit in darkness, the prisoners of hope, we do not truckle at least to falsehood. And even should the heavens fall, we can be true to ourselves; we can, if nothing more, like Carlyle, peal forth the "everlasting No!"

Herein already, fellow-students, is a comfort, a solace of a high and heroic kind,—not elusive, not unsatisfying, if we will only open ourselves really to it. Many an earnest soul, many a fearless thinker has died glad, even though his long quest has brought him, like Childe Roland, only to the "dark tower." But there is still a deeper factor. Disillusionment, in itself, may or may not contain positive elements. This much, however, is certain: it is the essential prerequisite of Progress; it alone can open the channels through which the light can stream forth, if it come at all; it alone can create the conditions necessary for growth and expansion. "With complacent self-delusion the Higher Powers themselves fight in vain." Surely in this fact there is deep, abundant reason for gladness and hope. Is any sacrifice too great to be undergone, if only it open to us the possibility of deepening and broadening the heart and enriching the mind? Is not the chance, remote though it were, of getting the divine blessing at the dawn, worth all the anguish of wrestling, like Jacob, in the dark, with powers unseen and unnamed? All that is significant and noble in the checkered career of man is the triumphant answer. Where would we be or what would have been, if a seemingly Kindlier Providence had doomed us forever to the happy sufficiency of our day dreams? Imagination recoils at the mere thought! And in this recoil we must needs realize with deep humility and thankfulness, the beneficence of the design. It is because we can doubt and deny; because we can be deceived and disappointed; because we can aspire and fail and yet notwithstanding aspire once again;—it is just because of this that there is a progressive unfolding and significance to Life. Our very disillusionment is the outcome of our strength; the doubt, yea, and despair are the insignia of our greatness. "Irks care the crop full bird? Frets doubt the maw-crammed beast?"

Up to this point, observe, we have concerned ourselves with the "soothing thoughts that spring" out of disillusionment, recognized simply as such. Our consolation has altogether been of the nature of Browning's paradox, which comforts, while it mocks,—that feeling of gladness, despite our failure,—nay rather of gladness, just because of failure, "for brutes we might have been," brutes, with animal pleasures and pains, brutes unconscious of the sterner stress, "brutes we might have been, but would not sink i' the scale." This is something, yea it is a great deal. But is there nothing more? I think so. We are too much given to imagine that the rain-bow colors and the music belong only to the dream. "Throughout History," says a very noble writer, "man has been disposed to lodge his dignity within his errors and to look upon the Truth as something that depreciated him." And yet if history teaches us anything, does it not teach that the *real* always proves more beautiful than the *illusion* which it has supplanted? The Universe is grander, by far, than all our loftiest imaginings! We have but to recall the horror with which men recoiled from the Copernican system, that reduced our earth to a mere speck among the myriad of worlds. Or, to come nearer to our own time, we need only bethink ourselves of the passionate opposition that greeted the theory of Evolution, which seemingly annulled all that man held dearest. In the clearer vision that is now ours we can begin to realize the richer promise and the nobler hope, which the newer Truth holds forth. We see that "we have relinquished one delight only to live beneath the more habitual sway" of the deeper realities. "Heartily know, when half-gods go, the Gods arrive!"

And so it has been and so will it be with all our disillusionments. There is a quaint, significant story, of which you may have heard. It tells of a beautiful fairy, who during certain seasons of the year is doomed to wander about in an ugly, an almost repulsive shape. She knocks continually at the doors of men, imploring them to receive her and give her lodging. By some she is kindly entertained and lo! she is gradually transformed before them and stands forth revealed in all her loveliness. Those, however, who turn her away are blasted forever by her hideous guise. Macaulay, I believe, has used this tale, in part, to illustrate how sometimes Liberty shows itself as License. But may it not rather symbolize for us the diviner spirit of Truth? At the portals of our mind the new truth knocks yearning for admittance. But we start back with affright as we behold her hateful aspect. She seems to go against all our ideas of the Good, the True, and the Beautiful. Some of us, therefore, refuse to entertain her, turn her away from us and are thereafter, in consequence, doomed to narrowness and blindness. Others, however, swayed by a deeper instinct, receive the new truth hospitably, and lo! the

unsightly outcast is transfigured before us and our whole life is enveloped in a new glory.

With this thought, fellow-students, let me close. To us its message should sound forth clear and comforting. Like Pharaoh on the Nile, so do we stand by the river of Life; and the shapes that now come from its depths appear very beautiful and true and good. Every day of the *Seven* seems full of promise and hope, of aspiration and achievement. But already for some of us a fearful anticipation points to the unsightly forms that will presently emerge from the living waters and seemingly swallow our bright ideals. We can,—indeed we *must* expect to be disillusioned. And, like Pharaoh, perhaps at the beginning we shall be deeply troubled and look in vain to our ordinary divinations and interpretations to give us enlightenment. But let us not despond. The greater idea, the deeper truth, "with the spirit of God in it," will come up like Joseph, from the darkness, at first unprepossessing in its dungeon garb, but presently to be arrayed in its kingly vestments. And under its blessed sovereignty, we will have ample provision against the spiritual drought and famine; yea—from the fulness of our bounty we shall be able to give sustenance to our famishing brethren. Be we then of good cheer and courageous, having faith in Life and its stern realities, aye, and in its very deceptions and disenchantments. Be we ready for the newer Truth, which seemingly will annul our best hopes. It is nobler than our dreams; more beautiful than all our illusions.

"Then, welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go!
Be our joys three-parts pain!
Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge the throe!

Heavenly Father, thou art eternal and infinite, supreme above all we know or can imagine. In moments of darkness we grope about and are sorely perplexed and troubled, for thou seemest to be no more or else so far away. But what are these doubts and disillusionment, if not the promise of thy diviner light? What are our yearnings and ideals, unrealized and unreliable, but the evidence of our kinship with thee? "In the whirl of the wheel thou shapest us!" And, therefore, our souls reach out to thee in thankfulness and trustfulness. We thank thee for the human heart by which we live; we thank thee for its denials and its disappointments, its doubts and misgivings, its hopes and aspirings; we thank thee for the travail which brings us to a clearer knowledge of thee. And so in thy hands do we resign ourselves confidingly. Take us and use us; we trust what thou shalt do.

The Church's Great Moment

A well known English preacher whose term of service has extended over nearly half a century has recently expressed his thankfulness, in view of the present outlook for the Church, that his ministry was behind rather than before him. The statement reveals an attitude of mind that is by no means uncommon. The feeling is shared by many of the rank and file of Christian workers as well as by their leaders, that the present is an evil moment for the Church, that both the temper and conditions of the time are unpropitious.

There is much to explain if not to justify this mood of discouragement. The Churches which in recent years have had to struggle desperately to maintain themselves in the face of a growing public indifference, and the consequent loss of support which it has entailed, are by no means few, nor are they confined to any particular branch of the Church, nor to any part of the country. To assert, in spite of this, that now is the Church's great moment, that the field today as in no previous generation is white for the harvest, seems upon first thought like a cynicism, and not a very happy one. Is it not rather the moment of the Church's shame, and defeat, and humiliation?

In attempting to estimate the characteristics of a period it is easy to mistake the eddies of the stream of thought and life for the main current. And that is what men do who brand this as an unbelieving and an unpropitious generation. If history shows anything, it is that mankind has made progress in the direction of the Christian spirit and not away from it. With all of its imperfections ours is a better world than that into which Jesus made his advent. The world at large is more open and hospitable to Christian ideals and standards than it has been at any other period. It is this evident and impressive fact that makes of this the Church's great moment.

A growing love for truth as such, is one of these features. There is unbelief enough we all know, and there is nothing about it that is new or essentially different from the unbelief of other generations. But there is a love for truth today that is new, and that rightly understood is wonderfully significant. There is on every hand a daring research, and an eagerness to know the truth which can only mean at bottom that mankind has come into a new sense of the value of truth as the greatest of all possible possessions and as the first essential of the soul's prosperity. And Christianity is the religion of truth. Jesus declared that to this end he was born and to this end he had come into the world that he might be a witness to the truth. And the unquenchable thirst for truth that is here today is surely an impressive evidence that the world as never before is ready for Christ's message.

And there is emerging a new confidence in the preeminence of the spirit and a new faith in life's hidden reinforcements, that is another hopeful feature of the present. We have been hearing much in recent years of a new gospel of healing, that claims to be the real gospel, and the real science. We have listened with astonishment to the doctrine that God is good and there is therefore no sickness, that all suffering is a mental error, that even a broken bone or a concussion of the brain is a dream of falsity. But is it not always true that in the early stages of a new discovery many see the truth in disproportion and exaggeration? The blind eyes which are just beginning to open are likely to "see men as trees walking." But such exaggerations in due time correct themselves. The sober second judgment of men must be reckoned with. The significant thing about the new gospel is not its philosophy. That is but a bubble on the surface. It is the state of feeling that has evoked it. And that at bottom is a new confidence in the spiritual and invisible.

And not less significant is the growing sense of brotherhood. The greatest movement of this age or any age is the movement for social betterment that is now in progress. It represents a sympathy that is close of kin to that of Jesus. The demand for freedom and justice and brotherhood, and, as Prof. Peabody finely puts it, for "a human way of life," is everywhere voiced by the teaching of Jesus. And this demand is the real impulse of the present movement for

social betterment. Said Lowell in a splendid effort to interpret the social spirit of Jesus:—

> "Not what we give but what we share,—
> For the gift without the giver is bare;
> Who gives himself with his alms, feeds three,
> Himself, his hungering neighbor and me."

This is the demand for pity and charity, which has hitherto been the social ideal. The present agitation looks deeper. It is for justice and brotherhood, for a fair division of profits, and an equitable distribution of the general prosperity, for a correction of those conditions which make charity necessary. And that surely is in harmony with the deepest intent and purpose of the Christian message.

Is the Church ready for its great moment? Has it enough of the spirit of Jesus and enough of his vision to minister to the needs of a generation which is passionately, though it may be unconsciously, striving to find him, and which by its eagerness for truth, its growing recognition of the pre-eminence of spirit, and its emerging consciousness of brotherhood is showing itself to be prepared as never before to receive him? Is it not a curious situation which presents itself, that at a time when the world is obviously improved, and humanity is open as never before to Christian ideals, that the Church should make relatively little progress? Indeed, that it should have to struggle desperately in many quarters to maintain itself? Is it not a strange fact that in every Christian community there should be so many people of high intelligence and character who choose to have no part in the worship or the work of the Church, and who state frankly that they believe in Christianity, but do not believe in the Church. Says Mr. Crooker in his recent suggestive volume, "The Church of Today": "The Church has largely lost its power to correct, coerce and command. Its old time warnings like the ancient guns are in many cases ineffective. The venerable proof texts on which the creed formerly securely rested, no longer carry conviction to many people. Over against the doors of the Church are scoffers who call it a blind leader of the blind. They have always been there, but the present crowd is larger and composed of a different class." The statement is not overdrawn. It represents even less than the fact. The time is over-due for those who believe in the gospel and the Church as a divinely appointed means for its furtherance to pause and to reflect deeply upon the present situation.

The cause of this weakness is not superficial. It involves the whole character of the Church's message and work. Says Mr. Brierly, "What men want more than all things is a religion into which their whole manhood can go. And that at present is what they fail to find." The Church does not supply it for them. The statement takes us to the very root of the present difficulty. To quote again from the same authority, "The Church is feeding the heart at the expense of the brain. It is offering peace at the expense of truth. It has made its door so low that many must stoop to enter, or else they must be decapitated."

"The Church must readjust its intellectual viewpoint. As the result of scientific research there has come a new intellectual view-point, and it has come to stay. The Church as a body has failed to recognize it and in many quarters is bitterly opposing it. The application of the scientific method to the study of the Bible has excited a degree of opposition in the Church that is truly surprising. Many are failing to realize that the very claim of sanctity which is made for the Bible should subject it to all the more rigid scrutiny. It is only thus that the Bible can be rescued from crude and hurtful notions about it. There is an old story of a man who killed his cow because she drank the moon. The moon was shining in the pail and the foolish cow with a few gulps drank it, and the man killed her. The attitude of many toward the new criticism has been somewhat similar. They have failed to realize that the truth itself is as safe as the moon. Investigation reveals it but cannot destroy it. What is needed is that the old heart throbs of the gospel should be united to the new intellectual vision, and that the old devotion which made the early Church so mighty should be coupled with the new knowledge.

There is need that the Church of today should draw more freely upon its store-house of power. The relation of a great faith to physical health, and mental composure, and self-control is a question that is only beginning to engage our attention. The Church hitherto has stood for only part of the gospel. And to that extent it has failed to minister as it might otherwise have done, to the weak, and sick, and physically discouraged, and nerveless. It is not meant that the Church at large should begin to imitate the so-called Emmanuel methods. These are still in the experimental stage. Nor is it meant that the Church should be converted into a great hospital for the healing of men's bodies. That would be a great misfortune. The Church has an infinitely greater mission. But nevertheless it is a great moment for the Church to realize its hidden source of power and to point men to life's highest energies and reinforcements.

And the need is urgent for the Church to return once more to the passion that is breathed by the New Testament. There is a type of righteousness that is prudential and respectable rather than sacrificing. The righteousness of the young man who came to the Master asking what he should do to enter the Kingdom of Heaven was of this kind. It was negative and not aggressive. When Jesus put him to the test and asked him to sacrifice he went away sorrowfully. It is at this point more than anywhere that the Church today is failing. We think ourselves good merely because we are not bad. We are not able to make headway because we lack moral passion. The early Church conquered in its time because the followers of Jesus knew the secret of loving and giving. "The Christian of that age offered himself freely without any expectation of return. He lent himself to his fellows hoping for nothing in payment."

The early faith was the conviction of a person whose presence was felt in the soul and who had taught them the secret of loving and serving. When the Church of today reaches this early spirit, when it offers to men what the first believers offered, it will discover that it is face to face with its great moment.

St. Paul, Minn. P. P. Womer.

THE PASSING OF JOY.

> I heard Joy trail her garments near
> (My Heart, she's seeking thee!)
> So sped I forth to kiss their hem
> In blithe expectancy.
>
> Then came a sobbing through the night,
> A moaning in the mist,
> So knew I (Hush, my little Heart!)
> It was her shroud I kissed.
>
> —*Margaret Barber Bowen, in the May Century.*

"An Englishman's Home"

We have not seen the particular play referred to in this communication to the *Evening Post*, but the main contention of "Ethicus" is so to our mind and, as we understand it, to the needs of our times, that we borrow it entire and make due credit for the same.—EDITOR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EVENING POST:

SIR: I have just taken the opportunity to see the imported play which has inflamed the belligerent patriotism of Englishmen as not even the Boer war inflamed it. The play itself is a farrago of non-sense and improbability; but none the less it has served its sensational purpose by turning England into a great recruiting camp.

It is rumored that a skilful American playwright is busy upon a play that shall kindle the same moral incendiarism in this country, by arousing our apprehension of a like descent upon our shores of the yellow hosts of Japan. How these things must smell to heaven!

Can it be that we too are to be swept by this epidemic of suspicion and hate? Are we also to glare across the waters with fierce hatred in our hearts at our possible enemy? Are we to be further incited to waste treasure and drain the resources of our nation in men and money in this evil fashion?'

What is to stay this plague? Religion—at least, the Christian religion—has failed to do it. The most distressing fact is that the churches are not even trying to do it. Why, what a great chorus of protest, in the name of the Prince of Peace, ought to resound from every church in Christendom and swell to a victorious anthem of release from these foul passions of war! Instead, what infidel silence have we!

Nothing signalizes so much the moral bankruptcy of Christendom as this. Nothing so clearly shows the impotence of the Christian Church in dealing with the great practical issue of the time. Especially flagrant is the case of the two great "pious" nations who are now engaged in a ruinous rivalry to amass the engines of destruction, while poverty and unemployment stalk the streets of their cities.

We have here to do, not with anything that is secondary in the gospel of Christ, but what is capital and crucial. His gospel was love, unconditional and unrestrained. Its main tenet was that we should love our enemies; that we should resist not evil; that we should return good for evil. If there is any argument in disproof of the position that this was the essential and distinctive message of the great Nazarene, the present writer has never seen it. He has seen only childish equivocation in all the attempts that have been made to read anything else into the message of him who taught these doctrines, who "brooded love and peace like a dove," and whose life was the supreme proof of his unqualified and unswerving belief in a love which knows no truce with violence and no concession to a policy of physical force.

Men may reasonably and consciously disapprove of this teaching. But if they do, let them have the manliness to drop the name of Christ. If they do not, and if they intend to be loyal to what is at the heart of the gospel of Christ, they must necessarily rise in revolt against these un-Christlike abominations in the conduct of the nations of Christendom. The fact that they have failed to do so, is, I repeat, conclusive evidence that Christendom is spiritually bankrupt, spiritually unheroic, and spiritually unintelligent.

Instead of an active concern about this vital matter, we have, as the only sort of renaissance within the Christian Church, an evangel which turns the church into a health resort; an evangel with its preposterous insistence that there is no such thing as disease, while this great militaristic disease rages around us.

Now, sir, I am not a Quaker; I am not even a Christian; but am of those who have become unchurched largely because of the infidelity of Christendom to the teaching and spirit of Christ. Furthermore, I am one of those who, by seeing this foolish play from England, have been sickened once more by the silence and inactivity of those whose business it is to work might and main against the madness which this play provokes.

I am aware that the trite defense will be forthcoming that we have to face, not a theory, but a condition. But did it ever occur to the churches that their particular duty is to face a theory, to insist upon a theory, and to change conditions?

In the name of the great sage and hero of Nazareth, and out of human loyalty to his spirit and teaching, I would ask every minister and priest of his gospel, "What are you doing, and what are you going to do, to cure this rampant disease of violence and hatred, and to ring in the thousand years of peace?"

New York Evening Post. ETHICUS.

A Grateful People

The Chinese are a highly appreciative people, who show their appreciation by the lavish bestowal of gifts. An American merchant tells, in the *New York Sun*, of his experiences with these generous givers. It is not only the wealthy merchant class, he says, who send presents to their white-skinned friends. The most lowly Chinese send gifts to the American and European friends whom they cherish. The merchant cites a little incident in support of his statement.

Some nineteen years ago, at the house of a Chinese friend in Shanghai, a very sumptuous house, a bright Chinese lad was delegated to wait on me, and a top-notch valet he was. I took a genuine liking to him, and praised him often. He received my praises in smiling silence, but he never forgot them.

On the Christmas following my return to America, among the many rich gifts which reached me from China was this boy's present—some tea, some joss-sticks, a jar of conserved ginger, a few little, inexpensive Chinese images.

Little boxes of this sort reached me every Christmas, although I did not see the boy again for ten years. Then the gifts began to grow richer, and I found that he had gone into business. Nine years ago I saw him in Shanghai, and he was prospering remarkably.

I've seen him every year since. He has fifty servants in his house—or I should say palace. He is a millionaire. He treats me as if I were a prince. The honors he heaps on me are overwhelming. I dare not protest; that would be the height of discourtesy. He never tells me why he does all these things for me. The Chinese are not outwardly emotional.

His Christmas gift for 1907 was a piece of the highest class of art in jade. It represents perhaps several years of work of a first-rate Chinese jade-carver.

Grateful, the Chinese? Why, once my wife befriended a Chinese dock coolie in Hongkong, who was being ill treated by a British soldier. Shortly afterward my wife was taken ill. Just one hour after she was taken to the hospital there came to her the most magnificent box of flowers I ever saw, sent to her by that dock laborer. The flowers represented, probably, all his own savings, besides a collection he had taken up among other dock coolies. How he knew my wife was taken to the hospital I never found out.

Oh, yes, the Chinese are grateful—grateful and kind, and fine and big-hearted, if the world only knew it; but it doesn't.—*Exchange.*

THE HOME

Helps to High Living

SUN.— Be noble, and the nobleness that lies in other men
sleeping, but never dead,
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own.
MON.— Peace is more strong than war; and gentleness
Where force were vain makes conquest o'er the
waves.
TUES.— No power can die that ever wrought for truth.
WED.— Greatly begin: tho' thou have time
But for a line, be that sublime;—
Not failure but low aim is crime.
THURS.—Not what we give but what we share,—
For the gift without the giver is bare.
FRI.— Be He nowhere else,
God is in all that liberates and lifts,
Or all that humbles, sweetens or consoles.
SAT.— We can read Bethel in a pile of stones,
And seeing where God has been, trust in Him.

—*James Russell Lowell.*

The "Water-Book"

Madge was lonely. She came slowly up the stairs on her way to the nursery, feeling that she should have a long, miserable afternoon. Mother had gone to do necessary shopping, and there was no one at home but the nurse, and she was busy with baby brother.

As she came by her Aunt Jennie's room, she paused and peeped in. The fire was burning brightly in the open grate, and the warm coals sent out a cheer that was not to be found in the nursery. She loved her aunt's room. She liked to look at all the pretty toilet articles, gaze in the bright little silver mirror, and open her ribbon box, that always smelled of violet. She was never allowed to play here when Aunt Jennie was away.

As she stood at the door a thought came to her and told her that she could do no harm just by warming her feet at the grate. This was the very moment when she ought to have remembered—but she did not. She went in, at first timidly, and then, as she heard no one coming, she sat down on the very edge of the little rocker.

For a long time she was content with looking about, but by and by the wonderful "water-book" seemed to be looking right at her.

She always called it the water-book because there were lovely purple streams in it flowing right past the houses, and then there were red boats with brilliant things draped over their sides, tall buildings of marble, and from the windows gardens seemed to be hanging, while everywhere was the soft, quiet water, and steps leading down to the boats. On Sunday afternoons Aunt Jennie always looked over the water-book pictures with Madge, and told her all about them. She said the city was Venice.

Madge thought it could be no harm to take the book over to the sofa and just look at it a very few minutes. She looked at her hands, and they were quite clean—and anyway, she meant to tell Aunt Jennie all about it when she came home, and she was sure she would say it was the right thing to do when she was so lonely. She hoped she would say that.

Wrong thoughts are like little plants, they grow and grow; and so it was not long before Madge had the book spread out upon the sofa, and was turning the leaves to find a certain picture that she liked so well. Just as she found it, she heard nurse calling. It would never do for her to come in Aunt Jennie's room,—she knew what would be said then,—so she reached out and took the tongs, and laid them across the book to hold it open, and ran up to the nursery. It happened that nurse had a lovely surprise for her in the way of a game and some taffy, and a good time for baby brother, too.

Madge really meant to steal away and put the book back, but she was having a good time, and then mother came home and asked her to help hide away brother's birthday present, and then it was tea-time, and so they were eating supper before she remembered. There was Aunt Jennie smiling sweetly at her, just as if, when she went up-stairs, she would not find the water-book with the tongs across it!

Good thoughts are like plants, too, and as she sat there, looking at her aunt, the little seed-thought began to grow and tell her she had done wrong. It seemed to grow right up in her throat and choke her.

She felt that she could not stand it another minute. "Please forgive me!" she cried, and then she left her place and ran to Aunt Jennie and hid her face in her lap. "I want to tell all about it—and right before mama!"

And so the story came out, and Aunt Jennie forgave her on the spot. "I knew you would tell me by and by," she said.

"Why, did you know when I left the table?" asked Madge.

"Of course; I saw the book when I came in."

"And you were just as kind—" Madge could not believe in such forgiveness before the asking.

"I wanted you to tell me yourself."

Madge was silent a while. "I tell you, Aunt Jennie," she said, at last, "please put away the water-book, and don't show it to me for a long, long time, just to punish me."

"I think that will be best," her aunt said. Forgiveness is sweet, but the punishment makes us remember."

—*K. H. in The Youth's Companion.*

THE BUTTERCUP DAIRYMAIDS.

The little ladies of the churn,
They toil the springtime through,
A-churning golden butter from
The rain and sun and dew.

But, when the merry June-time comes,
Their labor all is done;
And they pack their tiny butter-bowls
With butter like the sun.

And then they stand in ranks and rows,
Their bowls upon their heads,
Awaiting the inspectors, who
Shall soon go through the meads.

And, when the child-inspectors come,
Such fun as then begins!
For they test that golden butter
With their rosy, dimpled chins!

—*Youth's Companion.*

My fairest chi..., I have no song to give you;
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray;
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
For every day:

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them all day long;
And so make life, death, and that vast forever
One grand, sweet song.

—*Charles Kingsley.*

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

FOREIGN NOTES.

AN INTERNATIONAL OPPORTUNITY FOR THE "NEW THOUGHT."—These are wonderfully interesting days we are living in, especially if one happens to be a cataloguer in a large library whose very *raison d' etre* is not merely the collecting of the records of science made, but also of science in the making. Where there are ample means and this high intent, one to whom books are human documents is bound to get some vital inspirations even though there be scant time to read.

"The proper study of mankind is man," and that study is being pursued today with an eagerness, a "hunger and thirst" for fundamental knowledge, more widespread than ever before. The evidences of this are to be seen all about us in the rapid multiplication of cults, schools and classes for the study and practice of mental healing, in the development of psychology as an independent science, and in the addition of psychotherapy to the medical student's curriculum.

Twenty years ago the first waves of this great movement aroused varying comment and curiosity in my old home city. Theosophy, Christian Science, vibrations—how agog some women were about these things, while others ridiculed their intense earnestness and men, for the most part, looked on and wondered. Then I watched persons; now for ten years, from the quiet retirement of a library alcove, I have watched in books that search for the Master

"Whose secret presence, through creation's veins
Running quicksilver-like eludes your pains;
Taking all shapes from Mâh to Mâhi; and
They change and perish all—but He remains."

Not with the pessimism of Omar do the writers of today report their quest. Though in scope and application it takes forms so multifarious as to suggest these lines from the Persian, there are certain great, glad, fundamental recognitions meeting one now on every hand, especially in America and England, that make it seem as if the long-sought reconciliation of science and religion were close at hand. One longs to be reader or student, rather than cataloguer, that one might trace out this harmony. That such a study is wanted appears from the following, which I translate from the *Signal de Genève*:

The *Coenobium* offers two prizes, one of 700, the other of 300 francs, for the best studies on the question: "Is it possible to reconcile in some higher synthesis, the logical necessity which attracts the modern mind toward science and the psychological necessity which carries it toward faith?"

No limit is set for the length of the articles, which may be written in Italian, French, English or German, and may be signed or not at the pleasure of the author. If not signed, there must be some pen-name or device and the real name must be sent in an accompanying sealed envelope to be opened after the awards are determined.

Articles must be sent before June 30, to the publishers of the *Coenobium*, at Lugano, who reserve the right to publish them either in that periodical or in book form.

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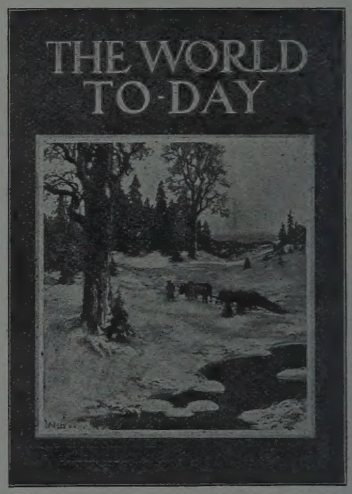

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